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VOLUME VII.

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POETRY.

A THREE POUND TROUT.

BY JAMES H. HOADLEY.

The pool was broad, and cool, and deep;
And on its surface shifting
Were specks of foam, and twigs, and leaves,
Around an eddy drifting.

The alders on the further side
Hung low upon the water;
And just above o'er rocks and logs
It foamed, then rushed with laughter.
With slender rod and silver line,
And tackle gray for leader,
I crept along with gentle tread,
So watchful and so eager.

I took my stand. Back went the rod.
I held it firm and steady.
And then I cast. This handle gray
Skipped lightly o'er the eddy.

A sudden rush, a splash, a turn—
The water foaming, boiling.
"Click! click!" the line went spinning out.
"Now, steady! For he's toiling."
Up toward the rocks he rushes wild.
He turns again. "Be ready!"
He slackens his speed, and, pulling hard,
He circles round the eddy.

And now a stiller course he takes.
No matter how I coax him,
He will not move; but there he stays.
In vain I try to coax him.

Now quick as thought he leaps in air,
And, scattering spray around him,
He shakes himself with all his might.
In vain; the line has bound him.

He dares to fight, he dares to left,
He dares the reel's spinning;
But still the silver cord holds on—
The fisherman is winning.

An hour has passed; his force is spent,
In vain has he contended.
"That landing-net! Be careful now!"
"There! Lift him out!" The end.

Three pounds two ounces and a half
He weighed. We dressed and cooked him;
But none who ate knew such delight
As I, the one who hooked him.

STORY TELLER.

TWO SIDES OF THE SAME STORY.

A telegram, announcing the serious
illness of my only sister, had shortened
my holiday. Though I started from the North immediately
by the night mail, London would not
be reached before the next morning.
With the prospect of a long and cold
journey, I provided myself with rugs and
furs, and, rolling myself up warmly in
them, hoped to be able to allay my
anxiety in sleep.

It was a bitter night in the begin-
ning of December. Snow had been
falling slightly during the day, and the
country through which we hurried
looked bleak and dismal. Spite of the
weather, there appeared to be a good
many passengers, and I was just con-
gratulating myself in having secured
an empty carriage, when, at a small
country station, to my great disgust,
the door was opened and a lady got in.
Before I could remonstrate, the door
was shut, and the train again on the
move.

"Confound that guard!" I mentally
ejaculated, "what a lot of cold the
fellow has let in!" and I proceeded to wrap
myself in my fur more tightly around me.
In doing so, however, I found the un-
welcome intruder had her feet on one
end of it. The girl—for so I judged
her to be from the slenderness of her
figure—moved instantly, and I caught
a glimpse of her face. It was enough!
The utter wretchedness, pallor, and
woe-begone look arrested my hand,
and noticing that she had only a small
bag with her, instead of taking care
of myself, I begged her to accept the
loan of my rug, remarking at the same
time that it was a "frantically cold
night for traveling." The girl looked
up, and, smiling her thanks, accepted
my offer, but sank again in a dejected
attitude into her corner of the carriage.
Somehow I could not settle to sleep.
In vain I shut my eyes; some strange
attraction caused me to open them and
look toward my companion. She was
now leaning forward, gazing into the
darkness with an anxious, questioning
look upon her face—a look as though
she were striving to see into futurity—
painful to behold in one so young.

Seen in the dim light given by the
lamp, I judged her to be about twenty
years of age, a refined, fragile-looking
girl, far too delicate to be abroad alone
such a night. From her face my
glance descended to her dress, which
was handsome and in very good taste.
She had taken off her gloves, and her
small, well-formed hands were clasped
tightly together on her lap. That she
was laboring under some deep distress
or anxiety of mind there could be no
doubt.

Was it not strange for so young and
pretty a girl to be traveling alone at
such an hour? I had looked at my
watch when she got into the carriage,
and it marked mid-night. No one had
accompanied her to the door, not even

a servant? Who was she? Where
could she be going? Would she be
met? Losing myself in these con-
jectures, I fell asleep.

The first cold, gray rays of dawn
were struggling into the carriage when
I awoke, making the chilly air still more
chill. I glanced at my companion;
she looked positively death-like, but
as wide awake as ever. As we were
close to London, I began to prepare
my things for leaving the train. The
girl returned my tiger skin, and thank-
ed me for it in a low voice. I made a
few observations on the wretchedness
of being obliged to travel all night, to
which she barely responded. As I
wanted to find something about her,
I went on talking; I told her I was
hurrying home to my sister's sick-bed,
but concluded with,

"It will be too early, however, to
knock them up when I reach town; so
I shall go first and get some coffee at
a coffee-house where I am well known,
which is sure to be open."
"Is it a place where a lady can go?"
to my surprise, asked my companion;
"because, if so, I shall be very glad of
some coffee before I continue my jour-
ney."

"If you will permit me, I shall be
very happy to take you there," I an-
swered, "and also see after your lug-
gage, as you are not going to be met."
"Thank you," she replied, while a
vivid blush crossed her pale face; "but
I have only this bag with me."

On reaching London I transferred
my straps into a cab, and we started
together in search of breakfast. Very
soon we were comfortably seated be-
side a blazing fire, with steaming hot
coffee and eatables before us. My
companion ate but little and spoke less.
"Leave no stone unturned!" no, there
could never again be rest for me until
I had found her.

HER SIDE.

Things came to a climax for me that
evening. How vividly I remember
each particular.

The long, low drawing-room, dimly
lit by the lamp placed on a small table
by the fire, near which sat my step-
mother, toying with some bright-colored
wools and talking merrily to the dis-
agreeable, cynical-looking man at the
opposite side of the hearth; while I,
at a distant table, pretended to be
reading, though all the time I was
her parting words kept repeating
themselves over and over again in my
mind, and dancing before me on the
page I in vain tried to read.

"You must accept Mr. Lomax before
my return at the end of the week,"
Beatrice. There must and shall be no
further delay; else you will remain no
longer in my house."

These were the fatal words that
would give me no rest. I looked
across at Mr. Lomax. Accept him?
be his wife? belong to him? the wife
of a man three times my own age—a
man of a morose, gloomy temper, whom
I instinctively feared as well as hated,
whose touch I shuddered at, whose
glance seemed to blight me? Because
he was rich and I poor, was I there-
fore to sacrifice my young life? Never,
come what might!

"Mr. Lomax wishes you to sing,"
my step-mother's silvery, insincere
voice. Seeing that I hesitated, she
crossed quickly over and hissed in my
ear, "Come, no nonsense; do as you
are bid instantly, or you go to your
room."

Without more ado I went to the
piano, found a song that I remembered
he particularly disliked, and sung it—
badly.

"Really, Beatrice, I cannot congrat-
ulate you, either on your song or your
voice," said Mrs. Byng, for once for-
getting her role of amiability. "Pray
sing something that will give us some
little pleasure to listen to."

Mr. Lomax here joined in: "Yes,
Miss Byng; you seem to forget that
the last time you sang that song I ex-
pressed my dislike to it."

"So," thought I, "even before I have
agreed to marry you, you dare censure
me! I wonder what it will be after!"
However, I took a piece and played
it through. Just as it was finished I
found Mr. Lomax at my elbow.

"Cruel Beatrice, not to sing!" he
murmured, and suddenly, encircling
me in his arms, kissed me two or three
times.

I struggled manly to free myself;
jumped up and rushed out of the door;
not, however, until I had heard Mrs.
Byng's voice saying, soothingly, "Don't
be dismayed, Mr. Lomax; the dear girl
will come round in a day or two; I will
answer for it."

"Come round!" She would answer
for it.

Half crazed, I fled up the stairs,
rushed to my room, and locked the
door; then I plunged my face in a
basinful of water to wash away, if pos-
sible, every trace of those hated kisses.
Yes; he had certainly made a masterly
stroke then—he had made me realize
how utterly I hated him, and how im-
possible it was that I could ever marry
him. I felt scorched, polluted, by his
touch.

And my father had said by his re-

turn it was to be a settled thing. Mrs.
Byng, of course, had forced him to say
that she wanted me gone, that her
child might reign supreme. Why, not
content with forcing this hated mar-
riage upon me, she had even, that very
day, heaped other indignities upon me.
I had to do servants' work. Oh, what
was I to do? My father had said I
should not remain with him. Then I
must marry Mr. Lomax? No—never!
Rather would I beg.

Lightning-like, a thought flashed
through my mind. Was it possible?
I had restlessly been pacing the room;
I now stood still. I put my hand to
my head to still its throbbings. Yes,
it would save them all further trouble.
I would disappear. Again I bathed
my face, but this time to clear my brain.
I looked at my watch—eight o'clock.
I remembered suddenly that the Lon-
don mail stopped at a small station,
where we were hardly known, about
three miles distant, at midnight; plenty
of time to catch it.

My resolution was taken. I had
five pounds in my dressing case, given
me only a few days previous for allow-
ance. I took it out and began my ar-
rangements. First I packed up a
small hand bag, into which I put sev-
eral of my ornaments, and then I got
myself ready for the walk.

The sounds in the house gradually
ceased. I heard my stepmother go to
her room, and the usual locking-up
take place, and then all was quiet.
Half an hour elapsed.

"How pretty she is!" I thought,
"and how entirely the lady! Still there
is something so strange about the
whole affair, that I will make a mental
note of everything about her: hazel
hair and eyes; arched eyebrows, well
defined; large nose; pretty mouth;
beautiful teeth; oval face." But I felt
all the time that, without this minute-
ly examining each feature, her face
was indelibly impressed on my mind;
I was not likely soon to forget either
the face or the girl.

Being very anxious for news of my
sister, directly my meal was finished I
paid my bill—the girl would not hear
of my paying her share—and ordered
the waiter to call a hansom.

"Please, call for me at the same
time," said she.

"Now," I thought, "she will be ob-
liged to give an address, and I shall know
where to find her." I placed her in the cab and shutting
the door I said, "Where shall I tell the
driver to take you?"

A suddenly frightened look, a blush
and catching of the breath, a moment's
hesitation, and then "Temple Bar" was
the order given. I marveled, but
gave the direction, took off my hat,
and the cab drove off. "Very mys-
terious!" I thought. However, there
was no time for indulging in vain
speculation; home I must hasten. My
sister I found very ill, though all dan-
ger was over, but what with the neces-
sary attention to her, and a great
press of business of my own, I ceased
to think further of my strange travel-
ing companion.

Four days after, however, my eyes
were suddenly arrested by the follow-
ing advertisement in the "Sensation"
column of the *Times*:

Left her home on the evening of the
first of December, a young lady. Mid-
dle height and delicate looking; brown
hair and eyes; marked eyebrows; oval
face. Dressed, when last seen, in a
maroon rep dress, trimmed with velvet
and fringe. Is supposed to have with
her a hand bag, with initials in gold
on it of "B. B." Any person giving in-
formation as to her whereabouts, or
any information whatever, shall be
handsomely rewarded. Apply to L. B.
Post-office, Stoneham.

I rubbed my eyes. Did I see clearly?
Was I dreaming? No; there was
the exact description of my traveling
companion: date and description co-
incided. Then there was some mys-
tery connected with the girl, after all.
I thought so.

Five minutes' reflection and I was
writing to "L. B." giving a full ac-
count of my journey to town. The
letter dispatched, I waited with what
patience I could for the next move in
the play.

Just as I had finished dinner the
next evening, and was feeling some-
what lonely, not having my sister to
talk to, as had ever been the case since
we were left orphans together years
ago, a servant entered, saying a gen-
tleman was in the library who desired
to see me if possible, instantly, on very
important business. The card sent in
bore the name of "Colonel Byng."

"Now for the solution of the mys-
tery!" I thought, as, quickly follow-
ing the servant, I found myself in the
presence of a tall, military looking man,
who came forward to meet me in great
agitation, and as I offered my hand,
broke out with, "Tell me where to find
my daughter, for God's sake!"

Quickly I related the circumstance
of my journey; and as I ended the
story the poor father dropped his head
on his breast, murmuring, "All my
fault, my fault. I was too harsh with
the poor child. I know it now, too
late. And yet I believe I was acting
for the best. Sir"—turning to me—

"I thank you heartily for easing my
mind so far. You say you are a law-
yer. I pray you, unite your efforts
with mine; help me to find my child."

We sat late into the night arrange-
ing plans for the following day. I
prevailed upon Colonel Byng to take
up his quarters at my house, that he
might be on the spot to compare notes;
besides, the poor man was in such a
distracted state, it was not fit for him
to be in a hotel alone.

Though every available means of the
detective force, advertisements, etc.,
were used, our search proved fruitless.
The unhappy father at last, worn out
with anxiety, trouble, and self-upraid-
ings, had to return to his home, his
affairs there urgently requiring his
presence. His parting words to me
were, "Leave no stone unturned; spare
no expense; find Beatrice. I feel my
actions have murdered my child."

Left to myself, I redoubled my ef-
forts, but was baffled at every turn. I
tremblingly asked myself, could it be
true? Was she no more? That face, so
sweet, so pure—that face which I now
felt was my fate—was I never to see
again? The thought was maddening.

"Now or never!" I thought; and,
carefully unfastening my door, I crept
down stairs, went into the dining-room
and took a glass of wine, and putting
into my pocket some biscuits left on
the table, I noiselessly opened the
French window and stepped out on
the terrace.

Free! as lightly as possible I glid-
ed, more than walked past the front
of the house, without deigning one
farewell glance at the place that, until
Mrs. Byng's advent, had been a hap-
py home to me, but that lately had
been worse than a prison; and, with a
sigh of relief, found myself beyond
the gates, with the long stretch of road
before me.

How solitary it looked! Hitherto I
had acted in a sort of maze; but the
cold night air, in reviving, also brought
me back to the present moment. Should
I ever be able to walk those dreadful
three miles alone? Looking up sud-
denly I saw after the light glimmering
from Mrs. Byng's window; that decided
my fate. I ran swiftly on.

Snow was lying on the ground; ev-
ery bush and twig stood sharply out
against the sky clearly defined. As I
passed under a belt of fir-trees the
led me, and a faint gleam of light be-
hind me, and I felt as though I were
being seized with fear at my own shadow.
Turning the corner of a road, a dark,
moving thing came toward me. What
could it be? My feet seemed rooted
to the ground, else I must have turn-
ed and fled backward. However, as
it came nearer, it proved to be only a
horse with a clog on its leg. Taking
courage I rushed past it, and leaving
the road, crossed two fields, and be-
gan to skirt the river, that being a
short cut to the station.

How dark and cold it looked as it
glided on! But yet it fascinated me,
and I stopped to gaze at it for a mo-
ment. What evil spirit was it that
possessed me that second? With a
shudder I sprang quickly forward, and
ran on my way afresh; nor did I slacken
speed until the station lights came
in view. Not one human being
had met me. So far I might hope
that I had gained my liberty.

Putting on a thick veil, I entered
and took my ticket for London—only
just in time, for the train came up the
next minute. How thankful was I to
be even in such a haven of refuge!
Sinking back into the first seat, I found
I was not alone—a gentleman sat in
the opposite side of the carriage; we
had not gone far when he offered me
his rug, which I gladly accepted, for
it was dreadfully cold, and then he
seemed to sleep.

During that long night I underwent
a fiery ordeal of doubt and fear. No
sleep visited my eyes; my future plans
had to be made; but chaos reigned
supreme in my mind, anxious ques-
tioning as to whether, after all, I had
acted rightly would perplex me. Would
the shock harm my father, who, until
Mrs. Byng entered the house, had in-
variably been kind to me? But no!
He had been so harsh lately because I
had declared I could not do as he
wished with respect to Mr. Lomax.
The net had gradually closed around
me. Each day for the last two months
I had in vain pleaded to be left free; he
had tightened the strings, Mrs. Byng
keeping him up to the mark; he had
declared I should agree to this mar-
riage, or leave his house. Well, the
bird has got free a little sooner than
they expected, that was all! Free!
But whither next?

At last that night—as every other
night, good or evil, must—came to an
end. As soon as it was light my com-
panion began to prepare for leaving
the train. I looked at his face; it was
good and kind; should I confide in
him and beg his help? No; hence-
forth it was for me to act alone; my
rash step had forfeited the woman's
prerogative of being taken care of;
already punishment came in that
thought! However, I plucked up cou-
rage to ask him to take me to some
place to breakfast; and then, when in
a cab, after he had bidden me adieu, I

felt as though my one remaining friend
was gone; there had been a sense of
protection even in his presence.

The need of action, however, recall-
ed me to myself. After driving a
short distance toward Temple Bar, I
ordered the cabman to take me again
north; and, reaching a part of London
I knew from having been near at
school, I got out and paid the man,
and then, taking my bag in my hand,
sought for some quiet, inexpensive
lodging. Finally, after a weary walk,
I succeeded in getting a cheap bedroom
in a respectable street; after ordering
some necessary things, I sat down to
consider the next step to take. Cer-
tainly, a suitable change of dress; I
would go and buy new things at once.
Then I went to a servant's registry
office, and put my name down for a
lady's-maid place. My money would
not hold out long; thus I might gain
an honest livelihood, I thought in my
inexperience. Surely in the vortex of
London one's identity could be lost!

That night sleep came, and the
whole of the next day idleness kept
me prisoner. It was the reaction; the
mind, though still steadfast and firm,
could not altogether master the body,
which was weak and tender. At last,
shaking and trembling, I succeeded
in dressing. Horror of horrors! on
counting my small stock of money, I
found it would be barely sufficient to
pay the expenses of the past day.
Hastily I put on my bonnet and start-
ed in search of a situation. I, Beat-
rice Byng! A list was given me, but
at each house where I applied the
place had just been filled up. Having
parted with some of my jewels, I con-
tinued my search for a situation, and
at the end of a few weeks was sent to
see a lady who was looking out for a
maid for her daughters. How odd it
felt to be ushered into her presence
as a servant! I knew I behaved strange-
ly; illness had made me nervous. After
putting a few general questions, the
lady asked for my character.

"I have not lived out before," I an-
swered.
"Then, at all events, young woman,
you can give me some reference?"
"No, ma'am," I said; "I can only
ask you to try me without any one
speaking for me. I will do my utmost
to please you."

"Really, this is most abominable of
you! Without a character, pray go instan-
taneously. I never have anything to do with such
a you."

A burning blush overspread my face,
and I withdrew; how I got out of the
house I know not. This was the last
situation I would seek! Utterly hope-
less, and worn out in mind and body,
I walked up and down the terraces and
squares, dreading to go back to my
lonely room, though fearing to be seen
and recognized even now. One
thought alone brought comfort—far
better this life even than that of the
betrothed of Mr. Lomax!

It seemed to my excited imagina-
tion that people put their heads out
of their carriages to look after me. I
wondered to myself if I looked as
strange and unreal as I felt. Walk-
ing along, I caught glimpses of com-
fortable kitchens, bright fires, and
groups of merry servants. It was just
dark. At one house a carriage load
of children were being put down—one
young mother even came to the door
to meet her child—there was a joyous
greeting and much laughter. How
the voices thrilled through me! So
had I once been. And now a fugitive
and almost starving, I crept along.
How good the smell of that dinner be-
ing cooked! (I had tasted nothing
that day.) A peal of bells struck my
ear. Christmas Eve! So it was.
Choking back my tears, I hastened on,
no Christmas greeting for me—no kiss,
no present, no joy. No one to take
any care whether I lived or died.

With these thoughts I crept back
to my lodging. They came and told
me even there that they were going
out to a family gathering.

"Very well," I responded, "only let
me be."

The landlady looked at me sorrow-
fully, and saying I had best go to bed
and get warm—I had no fire—and
that she would send me up some tea,
left me to my own sad thoughts.

Bitter tears came to my aid, my
brain else had been crazed; repentance
for my rash step began to make itself
felt. Conscience whispered that I had
not considered sufficiently its possible
effect upon others. After all, was not
the punishment merited? But then
the alternative—marriage with the man
I despised as well as hated! Ah, what!
Welcome death to that!

The Christmas bells rang all that
evening and far into the night. I sank
into a sort of trance; cold and hunger
alike were forgotten. I saw a well-lit
room; warmth and plenty prevailed;
merry childish figures ran about; my
father sat at the head of a well-cov-
ered table; round him were many bright
faces; a little girl, dressed to represent
Christmas, danced up to him; he took
her up in his arms and kissed her
brow. . . . It was myself. . . . I tried to
speak. . . . and awoke.

Where was I? Was it really I lying

there all alone with the cold moonlight
resting on my forehead? Was I still
dreaming? I sat up and gave a shud-
dering glance around. Ah, yes! This
was all real, and I had run away from
home—so I had. It seemed a long
time ago—years almost. How odd
and ill I felt! Surely I was not going
to die there in that room all alone? I
screamed aloud; there was no answer—
no one heeded the lonely lodger. I
put my clasped hands above my head,
and prayed for calmness and help in
my extremity. Then my thoughts
wandered again to death. Perhaps I
should be found there in the morning,
lying cold and stiff; "Poor young
thing!" The landlady would find a
directed envelope in my pocket, and
then my father would come up and
identify me. I should be put in my
coffin carefully, and buried in some
London cemetery among strangers,
far away from any one who had ever
loved me. My father would repent
then his harshness—perchance weep—
too late. He would look at me, all so
still and white, and know it was his do-
ing that I lay there. How sad it would
be to see one so young dead! Would
my face change much? I wondered.
They would let my long hair down on
the pillow, and perhaps, strew a few
flowers over me; caring for me too
late! Mrs. Byng then would grieve,
and Mr. Lomax also. But where
should I be—the I that lay there?
Sleep came at last, full of troubled
dreams, but blessed, as it brought for-
getfulness of the present. Christmas
morning, in trying to rise, I faintly
so I had to remain where I was. They
brought me

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

A Lady Who is Interested in The Deaf and Dumb.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 24, 1878.

DEAR EDITOR:—The touching incident, as related and preached by our esteemed brother, Job Turner, October 6th, in St. Luke's Cathedral, Portland, Me., has greatly affected the writer. Those are glorious words: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me," and none but those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and full of compassion, can preach as our brother does. God bless him ever for all his toil; his words of faith, his labors of love to those similarly afflicted as he is. Thank the dear Father, the inner ear of the soul hears the gentle whispers of the Spirit, as it so sweetly says, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end," even down to death. Ah! that dumb, of whom mention was made, heard the angels calling, as she was about entering into "rest."

This child, who had no idea of a sound, lay fading away so delicate flower, slowly drooping to decay. It was apparent that the angels were assembling to claim the young Christian as an associate in the saint's home in glory. The bedside was surrounded by loving friends, when, suddenly, the thin, white arm was raised, and, pointing upward, she, in mute language, exclaimed, "See! see!" They knew what it was then, but she, in radiant expression, said, in her voiceless language, "I hear the music," and soon after, that soul, which had passed its soundless life on earth, sweetly passed away to the music of celestial spheres, to receive the crown of glory from Him who hath said "I am the way, and the truth, and the life."

Sweet thought:

No notes in heaven, no deaf persons there, To glad hallelujahs, their voices they'll raise, Their tongues will be loosened in anthems of praise.

The day is not far distant when I hope to show, in a more tangible manner than in words, the deep, warm, and abiding love I have for deaf-mutes, and as a "thank offering" to the Lord for what He has done for my own dear Leonora.

MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

VERY INTERESTING NEWS FROM A LADY.

RIVER POINT, R. I., Oct. 31, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Believing a few items from little Rhody will be acceptable to the readers of your paper I send the following.

Prof. Job Turner preached very acceptably to the mutes of Providence on Sunday, the 27th inst, in the chapel of Grace Church. He arrived from Hartford Saturday evening, and reported all well in that city. He left for New York Monday evening.

On Saturday Mrs. Lester, Miss O'Garra, and the writer went to Roger Williams Park, a mile or two out of the city. The park, although quite new, is a charming place and is growing in beauty yearly. It contains a monument to Williams, one of the finest specimens of statuary I ever saw. The pedestal is crowned with a statue of Williams in bronze, and just below his feet is the inscription "Soul Liberty." On the step stands the Goddess of Liberty, also in bronze, with a pencil in her hand, having just finished writing the simple name "Roger Williams." The "burying ground" of the family is within the park. It does not contain the remains of R. W. and wife, but commences with Joseph Williams, son of Roger. No one knows, positively, where the remains of R. W. are interred. The inscription on the stone of J. W. is to the effect that he was of a peaceable mind and disposition, but that during the war with King Philip he conducted his soldiers through the campaign with great courage and fortitude. While in a shady nook, we three young ladies (don't be shocked) indulged in a little walking and running match, in both of which Miss O'Garra was the winner.

On Monday we were shown through the new court house, one of the finest buildings of its kind in the United States. We were shown from the Supreme Court room to the cells of the poor prisoners; from luxury to desolation. We also visited the grounds of Brown University, the water works, and the Catholic Orphan Asylum, presided over by the Sisters of Mercy, lovely ladies, better fitted to adorn homes as wives and mothers than to seclude themselves from the world. The public schools and other public buildings are grand and imposing, and the private residences of the wealthy are palatial in the extreme.

Rhode Island is small in area, large in brain, and intensely patriotic. She is also highly favored in climate, and is, during summer, the resort of the wealth and fashion of the United States. For the benefit of those who feel inclined to joke about little Rhody I will just say "Corliss," and they need say no more.

Very respectfully,

MARY A. MCKAY.

[The writer of the above sensible and interesting letter has our hearty thanks for it, and we hope for more from the same source quite often.—Ed.]

Diphtheria is said to be raging east of Parkersburg, W. Va., for forty miles along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; four children recently died in one day, and more than half the families along the line of the road have at least one case.

A LETTER FROM MARBLEHEAD.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS., Oct. 24, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please find enclosed money order for one year's subscription to your paper. My family love it, and read it over a half-dozen times a week. I congratulate you heartily for your splendid management of it, and may success crown your future work in behalf of the deaf.

I have again to plead excuse for not having written anything for your paper in so long a time. I fear that my long silence may tend to the belief that I have gone to the dust, or that the Home plan has "busted" up. But I would say that I am alive and kicking, well, and in good spirits, busy as ever concocting plans as to what is best to be done for it when the farm is ready to be occupied, for, be it known, I do all the thinking and planning alone. I need one skilled in such matters to help me, as two heads are better than one. The prospect for the Home is a new thing, and, of course, it requires hard study and is a heavy tax on my brain to discover the best method for carrying out the prospect successfully and make it a pride to all deaf-mutes. I often feel a heavy responsibility resting on my shoulders, and sometimes feel it to be a difficult job, but I am not the one to back out so easily. I will push on and hope that all deaf-mutes will give me a lift. I have succeeded so far as to receive approbation, and to satisfy the trustees. They have decided to make a purchase of a farm this fall. The committee selected to examine and make the purchase have nearly finished their work. There were six farms for sale in the county of Essex. One of them belongs to Rev. Samuel Rowe. The committee have made a choice. I will reserve the description of the farm for my next letter. They have not yet made out the papers. They are careful to see to everything right. They got a lawyer to assist in looking over, to see that the title to the estate is all right. Besides the money already in a bank, there is over \$130 worth of property belonging to the Home. I recently purchased two wagons, with a good harness thrown in, dirt cheap. I had the wagons repaired and painted in good style, and they are as good as new. I am taking advantage of the hard times and making some purchases needed for the farm. People are sure to "come down" in their prices when they know what I am doing. I urged the trustees to take advantage of the hard times, and to purchase sundry things. I believe in pushing things through with all speed, as it will give confidence to the public; whereas, now, they hesitate, and will not give much; but I would be careful and not get into a tight fix. I felt tired and sick, and longed to return to my trade, which I have already recently done. My old mule is up. I had not followed it for over five years, but now my coat is off, and my apron is on, I am brandishing the pocket rule, handling the planes and saws, and am ready to take hold of the pick-axe and shovel as soon as I get on the farm.

The trustees, in consideration of my successful labor, voted to have me and my family take charge of the Home and have our house rent free. Many of the readers of the JOURNAL do not know what trade I had followed. I would say that my father was a carpenter and farmer, and I followed him, but I have learned several other trades besides, such as door, sash and blind maker, machinist, blacksmithing, millwright and wheelwright, miller, farmer and engine driver, to say nothing of traveling shows, fisherman, cooper, painter, bell-hanger, paper-hanger, and many others to numerous to mention. Of course I am a genuine "Jack of all trades." I have been considerable of a traveler and an adventurer. I do not wish to boast, but I would say that I have a very inventive turn of mind, and it is no wonder that I have learned much in my life. I shall cheerfully turn all my knowledge to good advantage for the benefit of deaf-mutes as soon as the Home is in running order.

There have been more deaf-mutes visiting this town this year than ever before. Among them were men of high respectability, and instructors of deaf-mutes, namely: Prof. T. L. Brown, of Flint, Mich.; Prof. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn.; Professor Denison, of Washington, D. C.; James Lewis, of New York city, and others. Marblehead is quite an attractive place for the public, as a summer resort. There are many things to be seen and enjoyed, and deaf-mutes have not been behind others in praising its cool and healthy air and the rides over to the Neck.

Professor Brown's wife came with him and stayed over two weeks. She not only got herself pretty well browned by being much on the salt water, but felt very much improved in health. If Professor Weeks had stayed two weeks or more he would have stroked his long beard with satisfaction. Marblehead is the place for him to enjoy a summer rest from his labor in teaching the young ideas how to shoot. I hope he will come next summer, and not forget to bring along his better half. Professor Denison was really well pleased with his stay here with his family, and his health and spirits were very much improved before he returned to his active duties. We were very much pleased with a visit from his family and himself, and had a good time conversing on many matters of interest. We hope to have another chance to talk with him next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis were my wife's schoolmates. Of course she was very much delighted to see them, after a long separation. She was educated at the New York Institution at the same time you and Mrs. Chandler were.

Samuel Hamilton, while canvassing in Maine, was recently called home. His wife had been suddenly taken dangerously sick, but, I am happy to say, she is out of danger, and recovering slowly. He will be detained at home for some time to come.

Many deaf-mutes, especially in Boston, knew Hubbard W. Sweet (hearing), a very pleasant gentleman, one who has done good service for them. He died last August. He had suffered many years with the asthma. His wife, a very pleasant and sweet woman, loved by all who knew her, departed this life a week before him. They left three children to mourn their loss. Mr. Sweet was a cousin of mine.

As many of the readers of the JOURNAL, and others, have never read "The Adventures of a Deaf-mute, or the Old Man of the Mountains," they would do well to send 15 cents in postage stamps and I will forward copies by mail, promptly, as I have a few copies on hand. Thirty thousand copies have already been sold. The pamphlets are very interesting.

The report of the Industrial Home is not out yet. We are waiting for the final purchase of property.

William Bailey, of Beverly, as you have already heard, joined the Episcopal church, and has received a letter of dismission from the Baptist church. He thought that by working with Rev. Dr. Gallaudet he could do more good than he has hitherto done. He is liked by all who have seen him hold services. He makes graceful signs. He will, in time, be of great service to Dr. Gallaudet, who needs help badly as he has a large field to work in, with so few to help him.

Mr. Bailey has held service in St. Peter's Chapel, Salem, four times and acquitted himself well. His sermons are usually interesting. He is quite a novice in the Episcopal rite, but soon he will understand it well. He has gone to New York to stay two or three weeks, as one of his sisters died recently, and he will there have a good chance to talk with and learn much from Dr. Gallaudet as to duties to be pursued. The large majority of the deaf-mutes of Salem and its vicinity are in favor of holding service in church and adopting church ideas; therefore they earnestly desire that Mr. Bailey will hold regular service after his return, in St. Peter's Chapel, and also in the church in Beverly. For, be it known, Dr. Gallaudet will hold service there Friday evening, November 8th. Rev. Job Turner will go south soon; then Mr. Bailey will take his place, and hold services wherever directed by Dr. Gallaudet. Wm. B. Sweet.

WEDDING BELLS.

LYNN, MASS., Oct. 24, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Of late we have noticed a decided tendency on the part of bachelor teachers of the New York Institution to take upon themselves the cares and joys of married life; in fact, we have never before known so many marriages to have occurred among them within such short intervals of time between each other. But none of these marriages have been looked forward to with so much interest as that of Prof. R. B. Lloyd to Miss Ella Brearley, which came off at the residence of the bride's parents, in Trenton, N. J., on Wednesday evening, October 23d. Miss Brearley is the second daughter of Mr. Brearley, a gentleman well known throughout Trenton for his integrity and business ability. She is a handsome and prepossessing young miss of 19 summers, and is gifted with all the advantages of a fine education, being a graduate of the New York Institution High Class of '78. Mr. Lloyd is so well known to your readers, both as a professor in the New York Institution and as a prominent member of the Order of Elect Surds, that any description of him is unnecessary.

Being included among those who had been invited to witness the ceremony, I arrived to find the parlors and reception rooms well crowded with guests, who were renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. At five o'clock to a minute the wedding procession filed into the parlor, the bride and groom and their assistants taking a position in the place which had been reserved for them. Of course the bride immediately riveted attention. For the benefit of your lady readers I will try to describe her dress. It was made of very fine white Swiss muslin, lined with white silk, the whole being nicely trimmed with white lace and satin ribbons. Over her head was thrown a long bridal veil, reaching to her feet, and on the top of this veil lay a wreath of choice flowers. Altogether she presented an appearance such as rarely greets the eye.

A solemn silence fell upon the assembly as the Rev. Mr. Goshman began the marriage service. The couple stood gazing placidly at the interpreter, the faintest perceptible smile being noticed upon the fair bride's features. It took but a few moments to tie them as tight as man and wife ever were tied, and then followed the congratulations, accompanied with the usual hand-shaking, &c.

Shortly after 7 o'clock the guests were ushered into the dining-room, where stood a table reaching nearly the whole length of the room, and actually groaning under the weight of the delicacies which covered its surface. In the center of the table stood a splendid column, composed entirely of fruits and flowers, arranged in a most artistic manner. On all sides of it were large and juicy oranges and clusters of sweet grapes, plums, apples, bananas, etc., with here and there flowers and geranium leaves. Serving as a guard to this citadel were arranged all kinds of cakes, ices, jellies, salads, and everything which the palate

of the most fastidious could desire. The company fell to with a will, and, assisted by the inimitable "Brother Joel," did full justice to the magnificent collation. After supper the couple prepared for their journey, and, a few minutes after eight, bade the guests good-bye, and started on their honeymoon, the guests continuing the festivities till early morning.

The presents consisted mostly of silver ware, and, among other articles, included a solid silver water-pitcher, two cake baskets, four napkin rings, a dozen each of knives, forks, teaspoons and table-spoons, all of the same metal; two sets of imported china, and, most important of all, a large, family Bible. These are only about a third of the entire number received.

Among the guests present we noticed Dr. T. S. Stevens, T. C. Pickney, Dr. Shepherd, Mr. G. W. Hottel, Miss Roselle Stevens, Mr. George Brearley, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Mr. Joseph Sterling, Miss P. Lewis, Mr. Joseph Brearley, Miss Helen M. Halcomb, Mr. Thomas F. Fox, Mr. George Murphy, Miss M. Barrager, Mr. P. Gulick, Miss J. Williams, Mr. R. G. Stevens, Mr. Robert Phillips, and many other faces familiar to the residents of Trenton.

The couple will reside permanently at Carmansville, near Fort Washington, New York, a short distance from the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, with which Mr. Lloyd is connected.

JOEL SLOCUM.
Princeton, N. J., Oct. 25, 1878.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

QUAKER CITY, Pa., Oct. 30, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Wednesday afternoon, the 16th inst., Mr. A. M. Giles, the deaf-mute from San Francisco, Cal., visited our institution. Mr. Daniel Paul, one of our prefects, showed him some parts of our home. The prefect conducted him into the shop occupied by the cordwainers and tailors, and introduced him to Mr. Adam S. Hinkle, the superintendent of the shoemakers' shop. The superintendent, not knowing that the stranger was a deaf-mute, spoke orally to him, and said, "How do you do?" The newcomer, who did not understand the oral question, took one of the shoemakers' knives, and carefully rubbed its edge on the pinners. Upon this, the superintendent, thinking him to be crazy, and that it would be spoiled, made signs expressing his refusal to let him make the knife dull. The man, however, laughed, and, after having dulled the knife, he took out one of the emery packages, which he brought from the Golden State, tore the wrapper from its end, rubbed it on the counter, and sharpened the knife on it. To the superintendent's surprise, it soon became so sharp that it cut nearly as well as a razor. He sold some emery packages to one of the boys and also to some of the officers; three to Mr. Hinkle. The California emery is used to sharpen knives, razors, surgical instruments, and to clean guns, and for some other purposes.

On Friday, October 18th, Mr. E. Booth, the editor of the Anamosa *Enterprise*, and his wife, both deaf-mutes, and the latter's cousin, a speaking lady, also of Iowa, paid our home a visit, which pleased us. These two deaf-mutes graduated at Hartford, Conn. The gentleman said that it was his first visit to this institution in his life, whereupon "First and last visit" was announced by one of our teachers, who was introduced to him. Mr. Daniel Paul conducted him into some of the class-rooms, and the conductor said that he took great interest in him because he excelled in conversation.

On Wednesday, October 23d, this city was visited with a terrible hurricane, which did much damage to many buildings. Mr. Foster, our principal, lectured in the chapel one evening, and told us about the damages done by the storm. He asked us if any of us could give the reason for it, and tell what caused it. Not one dared explain it, yet, perhaps, some semi-mutes uttered, orally, some words to him. He said that none of us could give the reason for it, nor could he. He said that he was as ignorant of it as we. He, however, said that perhaps the great giant stood in the South, and blew the great bellows, which carried the wind towards the North.

Mrs. Lydia T. Hollowell, our housekeeper, is sick with typhoid pneumonia, which has confined her to her bed for about four weeks. She was at one time very sick, and was not expected to live half an hour, but she has survived. She is, however, slowly getting better at present. We hope that, by God's providence, she will get well again.

We shall re-form the temperance society again soon. The election of its officers will take place this week. I hope its success will continue.

I copy the following article, written by one of the pupils:

Quite a number of stirring events, some of them worthy of notice, have taken place in Philadelphia and also at this institution lately. On Wednesday morning, the 23d inst., it seemed as if the wind was determined to throw the whole building from its foundation. The damage done to the institution was comparatively little, but other buildings, less securely built, were in many cases almost destroyed. Our principal, Mr. Foster, who has been here for forty years, said he had never seen the like of it in that time. The cause of the storm was well it must have been one of those storms which come by their own sweet will.

The boy Hillyard, who was injured by a locomotive about two months ago, has entirely recovered, and he is a sadder but wiser boy.

Our housekeeper, Mrs. Hollowell, is slowly recovering from a very severe sickness which has kept her from her duties for about a month. PARTNER.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING AT LOWELL.

LOWELL, MASS., Oct. 24, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I beg leave to announce the following facts in your estimable paper. On Wednesday afternoon, October 30th, in spite of the severe storm, the notable and brilliant event which occurred in this city was the marriage of Mr. Hardy P. Chapman, of Salem, and Miss Lizzie Lake, of this city, at the residence of the bride's parents. They were united in wedlock by Rev. Mr. Mallory, at 4 o'clock, P. M. Dr. E. Bartlett, of Hartford, Conn., interpreting in the most graceful mute signs. Miss Lake held a bouquet of bright, sweet-scented flowers. Mr. Chapman put an elegant gold ring on her finger. The pair presented a neat and graceful appearance. The ceremony was of a solemn and imposing nature. There was a respectable gathering of relations and intimate friends, among whom were five mutes.

As soon as the nuptial ceremony was done, congratulatory words were uttered, accompanied by their friends' best wishes for the prosperity and joy of the newly-wedded pair.

After the cordial greetings they filed into the tasteful, shining, clean dining-room. The table was luxuriously arranged, and the china and silver were interspersed with fragrant flowers. The menu, served up by two experienced and neatly dressed ladies, in the best manner, consisted of wedding cake, strawberry and vanilla ice-cream, cakes and fruits, furnished by Nichols & Hutchins, one of the best confectionery firms in New England.

The occasion was one of much pleasure to all present, and the affair was a grand success. *Lowell Herald.*

The bride and groom have gone to Washington, D. C., for a bridal tour, followed by the good wishes of a host of friends. They were the recipients of beautiful and valuable tokens of friendship and esteem.

The bride wore a dress of slate-colored silk, beautifully trimmed with rich satin, in Princess style. In person she is slender, graceful, and intelligent. She is one of the most worthy and useful members of the Lowell Silent Society, and therefore we miss her very much. She and her husband were educated at the American Asylum, at Lowell, Mass.

Among the invited guests were the bridegroom's brother, Henry, Misses Addie V. Joslin, of Worcester, Ella J. Soper, John Wilkinson, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, and Isaac N. Soper, all of Lowell.

Salem will be the newly-married couple's home. *Lowell Herald.*

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

TORONTO, CAN., Oct. 24, 1878.

The *Evening Telegram* says: "The annual meeting of the Toronto Deaf-Mute Literary Association was held at Shattlesbury Hall on Wednesday evening, the 23d inst. The following officers were elected for the current year:—President, Norman V. Lewis; Vice-President, Charles Howe; Secretary, John Brooks; Treasurer, C. G. Walker; Librarian, John L. Ellis. There is a meeting for deaf-mutes of the city every Wednesday evening. Also there is a prayer-meeting on every Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, conducted by Messrs. Bridges and Lewis."

There was another article in the same paper about a month ago, which read as follows: "A few days ago a deaf and dumb girl was sent from the city to the Belleville Institute to receive her education. She is but thirteen years of age, is six feet in height, weighs three hundred pounds, has twelve toes and a like number of fingers, and is in a good state of health. Her family are firmly convinced that before she stops growing she will out-rival Mrs. Captain Bates."

There was a large number of the deaf-mutes of this city and neighborhood at the Deaf-Mute Literary Association meeting on Sunday last to see Mr. Bridges' interesting sermon.

Mr. Norman V. Lewis will hold service for the deaf-mutes on Sunday next.

Mr. and Mrs. Slater have returned from Bramford, where Mr. Slater has a situation in the *Globe* job rooms.

John Brooks, deaf-mute, is foreman of the Toronto *National*, and is doing good work on that paper. He hailed from Dublin, Ireland, about nine years ago, and served his apprenticeship in one of the leading printing-offices in the "Queen City of the West," widely known as the Ontario *Gazette* Printing and Publishing House. Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. are the proprietors. In 1877 he became foreman of the *National*. The proprietors of that paper have found him industrious.

He is in the *National* yet. Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie have returned from Montreal. I am informed that Mr. Ogilvie has got a situation with the Toronto Brewing Company. J. B. Toronto, Oct. 21, 1878.

DOING WELL AT HIS TRADE.

ARLINGTON, Vt., Oct. 25, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I came here from school in Hartford, Conn., 15 or 17 years ago, and have lived here, Arlington, Vt., ever since that time. I am a shoe-maker and an assistant boss in C. B. Vail's shoe shop, and I stay with my dear parents at home.

I went to New York on an excursion two weeks ago and visited many good deaf and dumb people there. I was very well acquainted with some of them. I had a very good time while in the city, and arrived home safely.

Truly yours,
MARTIN CULLEN.

AN ALUMNUS OF THE COLLEGE.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your readers may be interested to know the statistics of this college.

This college has now seven professors, two of whom are alumni thereof. Thirty out of thirty-eight States have been represented in this college by the total number of one hundred and eighty-eight students since 1864, only thirty-nine of whom are alumni of the college. Exactly twenty-five of the latter have become teachers at the different deaf and dumb institutions and day schools, and the rest have taken different responsible positions in public offices and other places of business.

The college consists of only two departments, namely: the collegiate and the preparatory. In the former there are four classes arranged like those in other colleges, viz: the senior class, the junior, three, the sophomore, five, the freshman, nine, and there are five select students. In the latter there are only two classes, one of which comprises nine students, and the other five. There are also ten select students, two of whom take studies in both departments.

The number of all students present at date is fifty, representing twenty-one of the thirty-eight States. Their average age is twenty-one years, their average weight is one hundred and thirty-two pounds, average height five feet and seven inches.

The greatest and the least weights credited to Ohio. The oldest student is from Massachusetts, and the youngest from Minnesota. The tallest is from South Carolina, and the shortest from Connecticut.

Among the present students we note the following nationalities to be as follows: Americans, 28; English, 7; Germans, 7; Irish, 4; Scotch, 1; Norwegian, 1; and Belgian, 1. But none of them were born abroad.

Among them we see the following denominations: Methodist, 7; Baptist, 6; Lutherans, 4; Presbyterians, 4; Congregationalists, 2; Methodist Episcopal, 4; Episcopallians, 2; Moravians, 2; Universalists, 1; Nihilist, 1; and National Christians, 10.

Our Literary Society held a regular meeting on the 4th ult. in the Lyceum, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, L. Goodman, of '80; Vice-President, B. M. Larson, of '82; Secretary, R. H. Long, of '81; Treasurer, G. T. Dougherty, of '82; Critics, H. White, of '80; and Librarian, Codman, a Prep. This Society has twenty-five regular members and one honorary member.

The Kendall Base Ball Club, at the regular meeting, elected the following officers: M. Rice, of '79, President; G. T. Dougherty, of '83, Vice-President; J. T. Sanson, of '80, Secretary; F. Shaw, of '81, Treasurer; J. Kelly, of '81, Captain. The captain says the Kendall nine is the strongest and most promising set the college has ever had. Prof. J. R. Hotchkiss was unanimously elected manager of the club.

The Gallaudet Base Ball Club, having 17 members, elected, by ballot, L. M. Larson, of '82, President; J. L. Smith, of '83, Vice-President; J. K. Lecher, of '83, Secretary; H. Mallick, select. Treasurer; L. Goodman, of '80, and H. White, a prep, Captains; and H. White, of '80, Manager.

Three weeks ago a committee was appointed to make arrangements for the pantomime exhibition to be held on Thanksgiving evening. It consists of Messrs. H. White, A. Bryant, R. M. Zeigler, and L. Larson, and Mr. Prince for the Treasurer.

A NORWEGIAN BADGER.
National Deaf-Mute College,
Washington, D. C., Nov. 2, 1878.

EVAPORATOR MACHINERY AND NOTES.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1878.

FRANK RICE:—This autumn our evaporator machinery has arrived here from Minny, Penn. It cost F. W. Rice \$850. It is at the old Monier stone, and is worth going a long trip to see. Its tower is over 35 feet high, and it has a large furnace, of approved pattern, in the basement, giving heat of the desired degree, (which stands 200), to the revolving shelves, and it will hold 126 screens of apples, being about 20 bushels at a time, and every two hours they can be filled. These shelves pass up and down, and fruit of any kind is dried nicely and left white and natural. A few hands are in the evaporator building day and night, and they pare apples, and quarter them—from 20 to 30 bushels in a day. It is a wonderful machine, and to get the full benefit of it, it must be visited. Our valuable friend Mr. Beers is a rich man, and has a bank in this village. He is very active in selling "Evaporator" dried apples in New York, at from 12 to 16 cents per pound. Mr. Beers' share cannot be "evaporated" by introducing this really important branch of industry to our grape-growing village. The four parring machines are very nice, and are worth \$10 each. They are in operation, parring, slicing, and coring apples. The wives of our readers can have their apples pared here very nicely; besides the ends of apples and the seeds are very perfectly cleared. But they are drying apples by the sun, and sell them cheap, at from 4 to 7 cents per pound. All our readers may have seen the name "Evaporator Machinery," without knowing its use, before I wrote the above.

I am now at our "dry building," with other hands, attending to the parring of apples, which are all perfectly cut and quartered. We have 126 shelves, of wire-cloth, filled with pared apples, which pass up and down till they are dried. It requires only 40 minutes, leaving them very white. New York

has not many such machines in operation at the present time. YADUJE.

Let my mute friends in Ontario and Steuben counties cover their grove with apple trees, and bring in their apples to Mr. Beers, who is a good paymaster, and let them sell their apples for from 10 to 25 cents per bushel to be pared and dried by the evaporating machine. They should write before bringing their apples to him. He wants 2,000 bushels this week, and more and more next winter.

If they have joined the "Blue Ribbon Society" they can't send their apples to the cider mill. So they ought to sell them to him. I hope to hear from my mute friends in adjoining towns who intend to visit our building. The shop is crowded with visitors every day to learn what our evaporator is for, and see the process of evaporation.

My mute friend Joel E. Andrews, who is a nice gentleman, called on me, and I was very much interested in his news about his residence and farm, and felt great sympathy with him in the loss of his farm by mortgage.

From Naples to Canandaigua Lake, (about 4 miles), the west side of the valley is nearly all set out to grape vines. Last week I finished printing grape-box labels, but our grape-growers have not sold all their grapes yet. New York, Boston, and other cities pay the sellers about \$50,000. At present they are selling late Isabellas at about 6 cents per pound.

Our friend Mary E. Hagadorn, who has been visiting this beautiful village, has gone to Dundee and other towns, and will be back in a few days. The fine weather for a few weeks past has made her trip delightful, and also her visit among her relatives here and in other villages.

Last week Saturday I went to Wayland, Steuben county, and called on Mr. Page W. Hatch and his wife. I found Mr. Hatch threshing. He is keeping his potatoes, raised from ten acres, till he can get the highest market price. The price now is 75 cents per bushel. I saw Mary Murray at Mr. Hatch's house. She is from Ohio, and is visiting her relatives in western New York. She is now stopping at Wayland, and is visiting the Hatch family this fall. Yours truly, H. F.

NAPLES, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1878.

REPLY TO "W. S."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am glad that the "W. S." article, published in the Journal October 24th, gave some valuable suggestions to the board of managers concerning the best place and dates where and when the alumni convention might be held. I agree with the suggestion, but the managers consider Delavan a good place for the meeting to be held this year.

After the Wisconsin deaf-mute alumni society was organized, in 1876, one of its members' motion was that the second alumni convention should be held again in Delavan, and that motion was unanimously adopted, because many of the oldest graduates of the institution have not seen their alma mater or their old phoenix home for 20 years.

The managers agreed to this motion, and will set upon a time for the session of the society to be held in the last week of August or the first of September. It is said that there will be a picnic excursion for the alumni at Geneva Lake, about which they may enjoy themselves by taking pleasant rides in boats.

